

THE KEYSTONE

LOUISA B. POPPENHEIM,
Editor and Proprietor.

1899

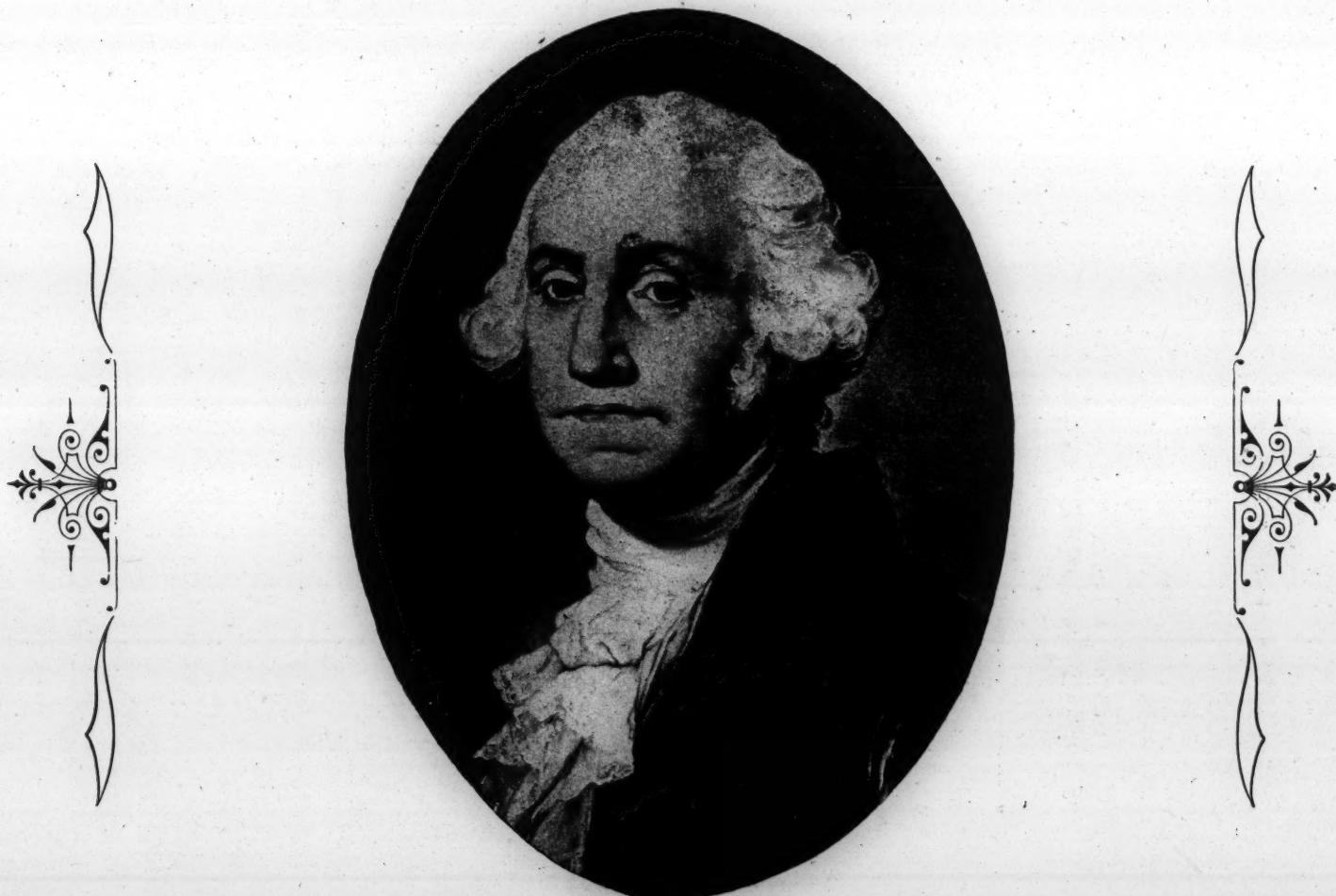
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TO WOMAN'S WORK.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

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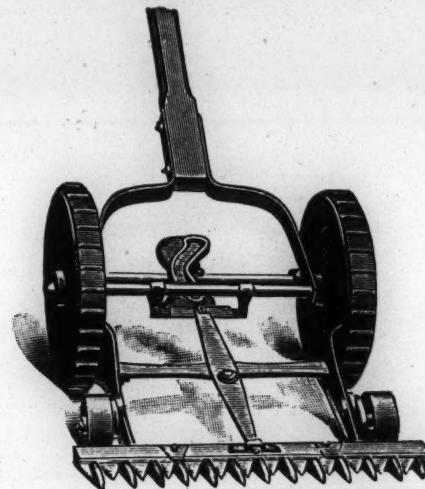
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Editorial.

THE "Keystone" was once asked by one of its men readers what was the difference between contentment and happiness and believing that there is really a difference between these two conditions of mind it now intends to try to answer this question.

From thoughtful consideration of people and their environment it seems apparent to us that an evenly balanced, well trained christian mind can put itself into a state of contentment which is more an intellectual than an emotional mental condition. Contentment does not depend on environment and is merely a state of comparison.

Happiness is an attribute of temperament and requires a certain amount of energy, vitality and activity which is not always attainable by us all.

Contentment is intellectual, happiness can never be separated from the emotional. Happiness arises from our actual good fortune, while contentment is the conclusion reached, that under the circumstances, all points being considered, we have been compensated as well or better than we deserve.

Happiness comes without consideration or thought; contentment is arrived at only through the medium of thought. The well disciplined mind has learned to say "In what so ever state I am, therewith to be content." There are moments of happiness, but years of contentment; all of us occasionally experience happiness but only a few learn the secret of contentment. The joy of youth culminates in happiness. The satisfaction of old age is contentment.

A S a plea for the introduction of domestic science into the public schools and as an answer to the complaint against the Women's Colleges for not including it in their curriculum, it is interesting to note that Mrs. Mary Roberts Smith associate professor of sociology in Leland Standford University in speaking before the Rhode Island Woman's Club on "The Relation of the Higher Education to Domesticity made the point that as only one fifth of one per cent. of the women of America go to College; to make domestic science tell in the American home it would be better to introduce it into the lower schools where it would reach the majority of our women.

W OMEN on School Boards is a subject which is gradually growing into prominence among those who take into consideration the questions of the day.

In London, England, two of the three women who were candidates have been elected. The Speaker of the House of Representatives of New Hampshire recently said that a woman who had been chosen to the School board of his native town had done more to awaken an interest in the schools and to advance the cause of education than any man who had served on the board within his recollection.

In Lynn Mass., and in Philadelphia, Penn. women serve on the school boards with very practical results. The influence of women in this important department of our civic life will be watched with great interest by those who have the welfare of the race at heart.

THE Virginia Constitutional Convention has adopted sections providing for a State Board of Charities, to consist of not less than five nor more than fifteen persons, to appointment upon which women shall not be eligible. The Board is to be appointed by the Governor for a term of four years, and neither the members thereof nor its agents are to receive any compensation for their services.

THE Louisiana State Federation of Women's Clubs has joined the General Federation.

METHODIST women have the right to sit as delegates in the general Conferences of that Church, according to the New Constitution adopted in May, 1900 and recently approved by one hundred and twenty-one annual conferences.

Edinburgh University has opened its doors for women in the Divinity Hall for the study of Hebrew, Biblical Criticism and ecclesiastical History where they will be allowed to compete along side of men students for the Kirk.

S TUDENTS of American History each year find encouragement in the incentives offered for original work on these lines.

The American Catholic Historical Society awarded its prize of \$100.00 for the best essay on a subject connected with the History of the Catholic Church in America to Miss Pauline Lancaster Peyton of St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. Her subject was "Pierre Gibault. Priest and Patriot" and according to the requirements the essay was based on original research and was at least 17500 words in length. The contest was open to students in Catholic Colleges, Seminaries, Academies and High Schools in the United States, Canada and Mexico and is a great incentive to historical study among the students in these institutions.

L OVERS of old Colonial Homes in America will be glad to learn that Westover the famous Virginia home of Col. William Byrd is now being restored. Westover was built in 1735 under the supervision of Col. Byrd himself and now the estate is owned by Wm. McC. Ramsey, whose wife is a lineal descendant of the founder of the famous homestead. M. J. Dimmock, the Architect is carefully restoring all parts of the building and the restoration will cost thousands of dollars.

The re-building of the East Wing which had been destroyed by fire and forgotten is one of the most interesting improvements, especially as the architect convinced himself of its previous existence by digging for the foundations of that section.

THE State President of the Missouri Federation of Women's Club set Jan. 20, 21, 22 for the Louisiana Purchase States Committee celebration in St. Louis in 1903.

The States called are Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Oklahoma and Wyoming and of these all but two have accepted the call.

W ASHINGTON State Legislature has made available \$2,000 for traveling library work. The commission is composed of the State Superintendent, the President of the Agricultural College, the President of the State University, and three others, two (one of whom must be a woman) are appointed by the Governor, and the third by the Federation of Women's Clubs. The Federation turned its traveling library over to the State as a nucleus for the State traveling library.

A T the one hundred and forty-fifth annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society of the State of New York announcement was made of the gift of \$100,000 by Mr. Andrew Carnegie in aid of the aged and decrepit Scotch poor of the city.

THE second class of trained colored nurses was graduated December 6, from the Training School of the Colored Home and Hospital, at East 141st Street and Concord Avenue, New York. The class consisted of six nurses. This makes thirteen colored nurses who have been sent out from this school.

THE KEYSTONE.

SOUTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS,
"Animis opibusque parati."

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Official news and calls of Federation Committees printed here.

List of Officers.

President—Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim, Charleston, S. C., (31 Meeting Street.)
First Vice-President—Mrs. A. E. Smith, Rock Hill, S. C.
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Auditor—Mrs. L. D. Childs, Columbia, S. C.

A MEETING of the Executive Board of the S. C. Federation was held in Columbia at the residence of the Auditor, Mrs. L. D. Childs on December 23rd at 4 o'clock, and an adjourned meeting at 10 o'clock, December 24th. The Federation is very much indebted to Mrs. Childs for her hospitality and her efforts in making arrangements for this meeting. Unfortunately only three members of the Board were present, but others were expected up to the time of meeting and the Columbia women had made plans for their entertainment.

The President, the Recording Secretary and the Auditor were present and made the quorum. It was decided to leave the time of the next Convention entirely with the Spartanburg Club Women, as the hostesses can better fix a time for entertainment than the guests. It was also decided to confine our time as much as possible to routine business and keep the Convention within the limits of three days. A rough outline of the program was formed and has been submitted to the Spartanburg Club Women to be completed. The program will be somewhat similar to that of last year except that special prominence will be given to the Department of Domestic Science as a specialist on this subject will be present to discuss the matter.

The Board regretted that the Chairman of the Spartanburg Club Women could not be present to help formulate the plans for the Convention and in many instances vacancies were left to be filled in by her later on.

The Recording Secretary was authorized to send invitations to all State Presidents to attend our next convention as this courtesy has been extended to our State President.

The Biennial at Los Angeles was discussed and the Board unanimously decided that it would be out of place to hold our State Convention at a time that would interfere with the attendance of the Biennial.

Another question that was brought up was the furnishing of book cases for the books that Club Women donate to the Library Department. The Southern Rail Road has very generously given us twenty four cases in the past, but it is not possible just now for them to continue this work. The Board authorized the Chairman of the Library Department to have cases made for all books donated; the bills for same to be paid for out of the Federation Treasury.

The President was entertained by Mrs. L. D. Childs and Mrs. C. C. Featherstone by Mrs. Kendall.

THE Club Women of Bennettsville have recently organized a Circulating Library for the use of its members, but their prime object is to establish a Local Library in the town of Bennettsville.

The Federation Traveling Library has received from The Lend a Hand Society of Boston, during the past year, a sufficient number of books to fill three cases. These books were obtained by the Chairman of Library Department through Miss Sarah Brigham, who is the Traveling Agent of the Society in the South.

THE President of the S. C. Federation acknowledges the receipt of the following Year Books for 1901-1902: State Federation of Pennsylvania, attractively bound in white and blue with the State Seal on cover. Organized 1895, the Federation has 120 Clubs with 11,600 members. Their Bureau of Reciprocity gives a full list of all papers they have on hand which can be obtained by any Pennsylvania Club Woman. The Chairman of each Committee gives a report in full so that by reading this Year Book one gets a comprehensive idea of the work done in Pennsylvania.

The Tennessee State Federation Year Book, bound in two shades of the Federation color—green. The Federation was organized in 1896. Besides full reports from the various Committees a complete list of Libraries owned by the Federation is given. This State seems to be doing specially good work in its Departments of Education and Traveling Library. Space is given to "The Interchange" the "official organ" of the Michigan Club Women. This State does good work in Education and Forestry.

The Kansas Federation sends out what they call a "Pamphlet of Information" bound in Federation colors—brown and gold. This State has 106 Clubs representing 6000 Club Women. A Department of special interest in this State is that of "State Charities and Corrections." The list of papers in the Reciprocity Bureau is quite long and covers many subjects. A good deal of space is also given to "Biennial Information."

The Washington State Federation presents its Year Book in simple white with black lettering. This Federation was organized in 1897. The Year Book gives a detailed account of the proceedings of the last Convention at Tocoma, June 18-20.

The Minnesota Federation's Year Book for 1901-1902 is attractively bound in brown and gold. This Federation was organized in 1895, and has 171 Clubs representing 6,945 women. This State as well as Washington has a State Traveling Commission which was made possible in each case by the efforts of the Club Women.

The Michigan State Federation has its Year Book bound in good taste in two shades of gray. This Federation was organized in 1895 and now has 135 Clubs representing 10,000 women. This book is arranged most clearly and systematically.

These Year Books that are received by your State President during the year will be on exhibit during the Spartanburg Convention so that all Club-women may study in detail the workings of the various States.

THE Secretary of the S. C. Federation has succeeded in getting out a most attractive Year Book for 1901-1902 and has sent two copies to each Club in the State, besides one to every State President.

The cover is very much like that of last year only the State Seal is larger. The only material change in the printed matter other than the list of new Clubs is the addition of reports from some of the Chairmen of Departments. Further reports from the various Clubs were expected but the two Secretaries had to make out the best they could with the material sent them.

Every Club President is expected to read or have read the data contained in this little booklet for the benefit of her Club, to keep it in touch with the State Federation..

Any Club President who has not received a copy of this Year Book will please communicate with Mrs. C. C. Featherstone, Recording Secretary, Laurens, S. C.

Notes from the Chairman of the Department of Music.

"MUSIC embodies the inward feeling of which other arts can but exhibit the effect. The warmth, the keenness, the intensity, the delicacy of feeling, find utterance in music, and so are traced the natural alliance of religion and music—religion, which draws forth the deepest feelings of the heart, and music which expresses them. "The sorrows and fears of the conscience speak out in penitential chant and Litany; the gladness of our rejoicing in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and the homage of what is great and noble is fulfilled in the songs of adoration to the glory of God."

THE MUSICIAN.

A statue of Liszt is to be erected in Stuttgart. The plan is fostered by the well known Stuttgart pianist, Frau Klinckerfuss.

The house in which Mendelssohn was born in Hamberg, it is said, is about to be destroyed. No one has been found apparently who could or would rescue this valuable relic to the world.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, of operatic fame is making a recital tour during the present season, she will not sing in opera, but confine herself to these recitals. She is travelling in a private car, and if comfort has any virtue she should sing well. The car has been luxuriously fitted and furnished, so that Madame Nordica may experience as few discomforts as possible in her long journey that will cover four or five months, and many thousand miles. A brass bed takes the place of the ordinary berth in the room devoted to Madame Nordica's own use, and a bath opens out of it. There are several other sleeping and dressing compartments and aside from these the car is divided into a commodious observation section, in which are the piano, library and writing conveniences, and dining room and kitchen and necessary paraphernalia. Every possible means to lend enjoyment to the trip has been provided, and Madame Nordica left New York Nov. 13 with enthusiastic anticipations for her season of song recitals, when she will be relieved from all exactions of operatic performances, even though she provides the whole program for each appearance.

Dudley Buck, for twenty-five years the musical director of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, has resigned his position. Dudley Buck has a national reputation as organist and composer. He was born in Hartford, Conn., sixty three years ago, and was educated abroad.

He was graduated from the Royal Conservatory at Leipzig, Germany, being a class mate of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Beaufort.

THE Clover Club of Beaufort is entitled to congratulations this year, both on account of increased membership, and also the accomplishment of a desire to establish a "Circulating Library."

This project has been delayed partly because of the lack of a place in which to lodge the books, but at last a suitable room has been secured, and soon the "Clover Club Circulating Library" will be open to our towns people.

Two of our number are studying piano and violin in New York this winter, but the musical standard has been well sustained by both new and old members. The once-a-month-afternoons with the composers, the birth month of each being chosen in turn, has proved a pleasant innovation.

Seneca.

Resolution from the "Once-a Week Club."

WHEREAS it has pleased God in His unerring providence to remove from our midst, Mr. M. W. Coleman, and Whereas, we deplore the loss of a sincere friend, a kind and thoughtful neighbor, a charitable and public spirited man, whose intellectual ability was a constant inspiration and aid to us in our literary work as a club and to our community, be it

Resolved 1. That we, the members of the "Once-A-Week, extend to our sister member and President, Mrs. M. W. Coleman, our profound sorrow and sincere sympathy in this her great bereavement. That we commend her to one who alone has power over such afflictions, and assure her that our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears are all with her.

2. That a page in our minutes be inscribed to his memory.

MRS. JAMES H. ADAMS,
MRS. M. S. STRIBLING,
Committee.

Endorsed: MRS. E. A. HINES, Pres. pro-tem.

Signs of the Zodiac by Eleanor Kirk.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19TH.

PEOPLE born under this sign are said to be the strongest and the weakest people in the world. To learn to know opportunity and improve it, is the key to Aquarius genius. The Aquarius women are not so timid and apprehensive of danger to those they love as Libra women, or so restless and fidgety as Gemini women, but they usually care more for the acquisition of property than these people, and are apt to be very nervous about their investments, the management of business and the opinion and speech of people. Those born under this sign are generally very noble, honest and kind hearted and are endowed with considerable natural discrimination. They are fair readers of character and are not easily deceived by a pitiful tale. They are always agreeable and retain their dignity on all occasions. They are rarely passionate or quick tempered, but know how to resent an insult when one is offered.

The Air people are sometimes unmanagable and not always logical but they have the magical ability of controlling insane people. The eyes of the silent quiet Acquarius person have a great hypnotic force.

These people represent the nerves and emotions of the Grand Man, hence are usually sensative. Their failings are fear, the habit of procrastination, and chronic promise-breaking proclivities. Vacillation and Caprice are the despoilers of the genius of this sign. These people care too much for personal appearance and sometimes take great risks to procure for themselves the things they desire. Aquarius is the Captain of those who might hold the sceptre of the world. Precious beyond words is a life that has no broken promises. To a great soul everything is great. Aquarius people awake; be no longer creatures of lost opportunities, of perpetual regrets for what might have been! [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Women Who Should Not Marry.

THE woman who is so utterly selfish that she could not consider or love another more than herself.

Who speaks against the girls and criticises them most unmercifully.

Who snubs the man or woman who dares dispute her authority, or whom she considers her social or intellectual inferior.

Who prides herself on her domestic incompetence and boasts of her inability to cook a dinner or scrub a floor.

Who displays no love for children, votes them little nusances and would rather fondle a dog than a baby.

Who is cross and miserable unless she is at the center of attraction or is engaged in flirting with the best looking man of the company.

Who does not hesitate to pronounce old or ailing people "bores," or show impatience with the sight of their aches and pains.

Who will not even own to being in the wrong, but "sticks to her guns," that is, her opinions, even though she is proved to be in the wrong.

Who is hard and unsympathetic and is not easily moved by the mention of another's trouble.

Who lives but for pleasure and neglects her domestic duties while her mother and sisters slave at home.

Who shows to advantage in society and to great disadvantage in the family.

Who is affected, unnatural and insincere.

Who would rather be out of the world than out of the fashion, and would consider it a hardship to wear a frock longer than one season.

Who thinks all men are angels and expects gushing declarations of love from her admirers daily.

Who sacrifices appearances to comfort and would rather have a pretty parlor than a well equipped kitchen, and a gaily decorated table than a good wholesome dinner.

—EXCHANGE!

The Forge of Thought.

Found among the papers of Professor John McCrady after his death and published in the SENECA MAGAZINE.

WORK—work—work—
From the crack of day to the close,
And half the night,
By a dimmer light;
And then the needed repose.

Toil—toil—toil—
When the veins with life are full;
When tears would start,
And the smitten heart,
Beat languidly and dull.

Toil—toil—toil—
With ever the Christ at hand,
And the forms that pass,
In the mystic glass,
Of time, shalt thou understand.

Clang—clang—clang,
Let the sparks leap out in showers,
And the Anvil ring,
And the bellows sing,
Thro' harvest noon to the flowers.

Clang—clang—clang,
And a wonder shall be wrought,
Whose head sublime,
Shall tower over time,
The master piece of thought.

Clang—clang—clang,
But tho' thy cares shall be,
Thro' sun to moon,
The work shall grow,
Yet never shall perfect be.

Clang—clang—clang,
And when thou art stiff and dead,
The world, too late,
May own thee great,
And crown thy marble head.

But—far—far—far,
In some grand and silent sphere,
With the wise and blest,
Thou shalt take the rest,
Thou wouldest not suffer here.

Miss Colton's Sacrifice.

[MINNIE S. BAKER, Anderson, S. C.]

"WE are having such a late spring; but I really think it is getting warmer at last. Don't you Lois?" Even as she spoke, the eldest sister gave an imperceptible shiver and drew the worn plaid shawl more closely around her thin shoulders.

Her companion, who understood so well, only looked up with a smile of brave indifference.

"Perhaps it is; I have not noticed. At any rate we need not give the order for coal before tomorrow. Unless you wish it, Rachel?" interrogatively!

"Then let us wait by all means."

It was always so, but ah, the pity of it!

That two lonely women should have once enjoyed a luxurious home and been thrown upon their own resources by a cruel and unexpected poverty is no new tale; but that two women, daintily reared, knowing no other life than one of culture and refinement, having outlived the flower of their youth before the crash came, yet nobly and without complaint, even to each other, should take up the burden of life again was indeed a change from the old *regime*. Has the like ever been known outside the boundary of that inimitable village of "Cranford?"

But alas the time was coming when all the polite subterfuges, the graceful ignoring of the flabby purse and the conventional apologies—hitherto a sacred part of this creed—should have to be laid aside and the grim skeleton, in all its deousness, viewed from every stand point.

Miss Lois, the younger and more practical, was the first to realize this. She entered the tiny sitting room with a little burried rush and threw herself on the piano stool burying her face in the faded cover that had shielded her treasure for thirty years—ever since her fifth birthday.

"Oh my, my dear, you will have to go," she cried between ill repressed sobs, caressing the glossy ebony as though it were a living thing.

"You have deserved better treatment at my hands. I have not kept you as I should," she went on remorsefully, thinking of the many years since she had been able to employ a tuner.

Then, fearing Rachel would miss her, she hurried out resolved to get the ordeal over at once. She found the other busy, in her gentle, graceful way, arranging the tea things on a little round table drawn near the fire.

"Rachel, I think I shall let Mr. Defoe have the piano." She would have gone on lightly, smilingly, but the dumb agony in her sister's eyes stopped her.

"Lois, Lois, you do not mean it," the other cried in a low voice.

"Why not Rachel? I can get two hundred dollars for it and—we need the money."

"It cost fifteen hundred."

"Yes. Thirty years ago."

"But your classes, Lois?"

"You mean my *pupils* dear. There are only three now and instead of their coming to me I shall have to go to them."

Then at last, after years of struggle and self-repression, Miss Colton's brave show of pride and old-time oblivion to poverty fell from her like a mantle and laying her head upon the table she gave way to aching sobs and scalding tears.

Presently she lifted her face and looked full into her sister's eyes.

"If I had helped you as I should, if I had done my part all these years, you would not be forced to this."

"Don't Rachel, you hurt me cruelly. Such a sister as you have been. What should we have done without an occasional check for your stories?"

"Ah, you may well say 'occasional,'" the other returned sadly. "Two or three each year perhaps and small ones at that. No Lois, there is no use in mentioning my share in the provision for our daily expenses. My capability, if I ever had any, deserted me long ago. My work is tedious, old fashioned, tame, common place!" she went on with sudden vehemence. "Do you think I cannot read between the lines when editors write me that it has a quaint, unique charm of its own, but that the *fin de siecle* has grown capricious, and all that sort of thing?" There was an unwonted lustre in her eye and a soft flush on the withered cheek that made her look almost beautiful. She pushed her white taper fingers through the brown hair that was fast turning gray and said with a quivering smile: I shall never write again Lois."

She left the room without waiting for a reply, and going straight to her own little sanctum, closed the door after her.

Lois watched her with the same motherly sorrow and sympathy she always felt when Rachel closed that special door.

"She has gone to comfort herself with 'The Book,' she murmured with a sigh.

In her youth Miss Rachel had known not only great happiness but great sorrow as well, and after the first blighting effects of the blow had passed she wrote down, to a certain extent, her own life's history, and, like many other books written from the depths of an anguished heart, it was a master piece. No one had ever been allowed to read it, but she herself had said, without any ostentation or egotism, that it was the only literature she had ever produced.

Thus it came about that it was always referred to as The Book.

She was poring over it now with throbbing pulse and trembling fingers.

"It has come at last and I must give you up," turning through the neatly written and carefully paragraphed pages, "but better you than Lois' beloved piano that has served us so faithfully and well."

When she re-entered the kitchen, carrying with her a faint odor of rose leaves and lavender, there was an air of vigorous determination about her that Lois had not seen her wear in twenty years.

"I have been selfish and fanciful long enough, Lois. I am going to try 'The Book' with Richards & Henley."

"Are you mad Rachel, or jesting?" the other cried in amazement.

"You may well ask that, considering how I have hoarded it all these years. Even now it may be a useless expenditure of postage, but certainly it is worth trying before you sacrifice your piano."

Her voice was steady and the tone of careless indifference might have deceived any one but Lois. "But when it is published people may suspect—" She was interrupted by a warning gesture. "They will not. And if they should what does it signify? All this of course if it is published. Remember the castles we have built only to see them crumble."

Then changing her tone Miss Rachel said wearily, "I am tired Lois. I do not care for any tea this evening. When you have finished you may read it if you like," and she laid *The Book* reverently in Miss Lois' lap.

And she read it, through blinding tears and with an aching heart for the patient, lonely woman whose happiness had been wrecked in one short hour by the only man for whom she had ever cared. A brilliant man, the soul of honor and a veritable Sir Galahad his friends declared, yet he had broken faith with beautiful Rachel Colton and eloped with a stranger.

"The Tragedy of a Comedy" Rachel had chosen to call this story—a story so sweet and true in the beginning, so cruel and bitter in the ending that Lois cried out against the misery and helplessness of it all, seeing on the sacred pages the bare, quivering heart of the idolized sister who had suffered, ah so much more than even those nearest and dearest had ever suspected.

It was full of noble aspirations, exquisite imagery and sublime eloquence that swept the reader along on a tide that was neither boring nor confusing.

Lois observed how slightly she had altered the names and wondered if the old friends near the distant home, (that was home no longer,) would recognize them. For her own name she had used Ruth Condon and for Allan Furman she had substituted Albert Farnham, and all the others were changed in a similar manner.

The next morning Rachel rose early. Having resolved to part with her treasure she wished to do it at once and with Lois' help got it off on the first train.

After several weeks of anxious suspense the answer came: "Will pay you two thousand dollars and ten per cent. royalty on 'The Tragedy of a Comedy,' or will purchase entire copyright. Kindly advise us at once regarding definite arrangements."

* * * * *

Another year had passed and the Colton cottage outside and many additional luxuries within, scarcely looked like the same place.

"We are having such an early spring Lois," and Miss Rachel looked up with a smile from the golden borders of jonquils and great clumps of bright colored hyacinths that grew under the window,

"Yes. You still don't feel inclined to 'poetize' Rachel?"

"Have I not told you that I never shall again? In the first place it is not in me, Lois, and I would trade upon my reputation if I could. In order to write one must suffer, unless indeed, one be a genius born. Besides Richards & Henley has made us (it was never me) such liberal settlements there will be no need for me to make myself ridiculous by a failure."

"Here comes the postman. Let us see how many more literary aspirants wish advice," and Miss Lois with the gentleness of a girl, handed her sister the letters.

Miss Rachel ran them lightly through her fingers then suddenly sprang to her feet only to fall back trembling into her chair

"God help me," she cried, "it is from him!" then added more quietly, "we have no secrets, we will read it together."

And this is what they read:

My Dear Rachel:

Your book which I have just finished reading, has made many things clear to me. Dear heart how you must have suffered and how deceived you were, when you thought mine was the comedy while the tragedy was left for you.

It was my brother's wife—to whom he had been secretly married—that I carried to the West that night.

I have not known all these years why you wrote me that cruel letter. My allegiance to you has never wavered. I love you now, Rachel, as I did twenty years ago and nothing can make me love you less.

I am coming to see you this afternoon.

Yours faithfully" ALLAN FURMAN."

Miss Lois caught her sister in her arms. "Oh, my dear, the story is complete at last; and, as usual the best part of it did not get in the book at all. I never was so happy in my life," and Miss Lois, who scorned men and had never had a romance in her life, started out to "get somthing extra for tea."

"Wait one moment, Lois. Do I look so very old and—indifferent?"

"You dont look a day over thirty," was the decisive reply. And she didn't. [THE END.]

Completed Proverbs.

"BEFORE you run in double harness, look well to the other horse," but see to it that the other horse doesn't have a chance to look well to you.

"Pity is skin to love," but kinship does not always signify friendship.

"It is hard to pay for bread that has been eaten," but not so hard as to get bread to eat that has not been paid for.

"Only that which is honestly got is gain," the rest is velvet.

"Labor overcometh all things," even the laborer.

"Employment brings enjoyment," when it brings the means to enjoy.

"A wise man is moved from his course neither by force nor entreaty," but the same often applies to a mule.

"Possession is nine points of the law," and frequently all the profits.

"Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost" is the cry of those who are well in front.

"In matters of taste there can be no dispute," for every man is so firmly convinced that there is no standard by which his taste can be measured.

"Whate'er is best administered is best" for the one who administers.

"Ignorance is the mother of impudence;" no father is named.

"A man who will not flee will make his foes flee," but what if his foes be made of the same metal?

"Let a child have its will and it will not cry," but its parents will.

L. DE V. MATTHEWMAN, in the January *Era*.

A Promise for the Twentieth Century.

"IT is the children of the college women and college men of the immediate future that are to build anew the heavens and earth of the twentieth century," writes Dr. Martin Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr, in a recent article. "For the last half of the nineteenth century, the American men of the poorer classes—and they alone in the civilized world—have had mothers as well educated as their fathers in our co-educational primary and secondary high schools, which do not exist in any other country in the world; and to this, more than to any other factor, is due, it seems to me, the phenomenal enterprise and success in commerce of the American people. In the twentieth century, the mothers of our wealthy, professional, and middle classes will be as well educated as the fathers, and then we may expect a like success in spiritual and intellectual things."

THE woman who knows how to broil a steak doesn't need to read magazine articles on how to make a happy home.—NEW YORK PRESS.

Crowned with Kingly Deeds.

BY LINLEY FRIPP.

SONNET.

NOT into words our tenderest thoughts may come;
Some stammering spirit holds the eager tongue.
When I would praise thee, lo! my lips are dumb.
Tho' late some blessing trembling on them hung.
Thy large, brown eyes gleam softly as in mirth,
But tender mirth, for pitiful thou art,
And wouldest not wound the lowliest child of earth
Who crowds thee in a loving, loyal heart.
Yea, thou art king, crowned with thy kingly deeds,—
And all my fealty I offer here,—
Great, with a greatness far above all creeds
Of men who never saw the Christ-love speak
In lives made strong to strengthen all the weak,
And hearts made true for all the hopes they bear.

Comparison of State Characteristics as Portrayed by the Individual Citizen.

WHAT a curious phenomenon is individuality! How one is impressed by it and what a powerful factor it is for good or evil in this work-a-day world.

It cannot be neutral; it must be dominant. Ten thousand can be lead by one strong personality, a hundred thousand may be convinced by one master mind. The thought of the Christian world is dominated by "The Great Personality."

Whether or not it intrudes itself upon our consciousness matters not; if it is true, and is of the right sort, it will sway all lesser natures by that spiritual mystery, call it what you please, mind, personality, individuality, character.

Comparison of State characteristics as portrayed by the individual citizen may be a debatable question with some of us.

To begin, I wish to state that in my opinion not *every* State in these United States is Individually characteristic, but there are some States which are pronouncedly *themselves*.

When I speak the names Massachusetts, South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Pennsylvania, California, New Jersey, Connecticut and Texas, each brings to my mind some characterization so definite and distinct that I am more than ever a believer in the inherited doctrine of States Rights. (For, by the way, you know that question is very clearly recognized to-day in our Constitution and is possibly being given more respectful consideration than ever before.) Many a representative from the Original Thirteen will unconsciously proclaim his or her State in an assembly of representatives by just this idea of the integrity and sovereignty of The State. Think you the Athenian and the Spartan were entirely satisfied with the name Greek, and will some of us ever be entirely satisfied with the sole cognomen "American?"

Deep down in our hearts burns a steady flame, and its glow is warmer and brighter when the Commonwealth that we call "Home" is brought to memory or praised in song and story. So now being persuaded myself, and having tried to persuade you to agree with me that some States have, or should have, if they would amount to anything, an individuality in their citizens, I will now try to express in words just how these States seem to impress one from contact with their citizens or from conclusions drawn from the annals of their history.

We will suppose a crowd meeting for a common purpose. There stands a man of commanding bearing, positive convictions, not given to the subtilties of argument. He leads by that mysterious force, personal magnetism. He states his side of the question with such evident sincerity and conviction that he does not see how you can disagree with him. Open and above board in his methods, active and positive in his policy his voice is for action, immediate and definite. His has been a race of leaders, and even if his own equipment is not equal to that of others present in the assembly, by his own faith in himself he inspires others with belief and trust in him. Do you know him yet? He is a Virginian. There by his side is a man of vivacity, quick to see a point, ready of repartee, he adapts himself to his surroundings. While holding an opinion of his own, he is willing to entertain the views of others, and will soon use them to fill

out or possibly modify his own. He will compromise with his adversary quickly, but the bargain in the end will be on his side. Shrewd, quick of speech, wide awake and alert, he will lead all other States in a tournament of wits, indeed he will, "My Connecticut Yankee." Sitting near him but with more philosophical trend of mind, more serious nature, more high strung nerves, if less quick of tongue we find his New England brother, "The Man from Massachusetts." Radical in his views on many subjects, pronounced in his likes and dislikes, this New England dreamer of great reforms and missions is most conservative in the masses. In his veins flows a warm red tide of English blood which has not often been diluted by fresh blood from the continental old world, so that he displays certain characteristics of his sturdy old English ancestors, which would not be strange to the average Englishman of the time of Edward VII. He has his prototype down South, and we would not have to look far to find him. These people, however, are the conservative forces as well as the radical forces in this country. Nine-tenths of them are the balance wheels of our assemblies, the oilers of the wheels of society, the real preservers of great and good traditions of manners and customs in our land. The other tenth are the reformers, the fanatics, the extremists; high strung to an intense degree, born with originality, sometimes the balance is lost and then what might be a valuable factor becomes an element of danger or discord and the fire of their personality gets beyond the limit of control. In marked contrast to these three individualities comes a negative type which, from its very steadfastness, immovability and massiveness, becomes a potent factor in our national life. People who mind their own affairs, attend strictly to their own business, are not quick to seize upon new ideas, lay great stress on the material things of life; are honest, sincere, determined and self centered, creating no great stir in the outside world but doing an immense amount of hustling in their own domain. Inhabiting a State rich in natural resources, of a more moderate clime than Massachusetts or Connecticut, the Keystone of the original thirteen States, Pennsylvania presents to us a citizenship which is most valuable in its *Reliability*.

Genius may burn in other States. Pennsylvania has plenty to occupy her at home, but when she is called upon to do what she thinks is her duty, she gives full measure, pressed down and running over. The defect of narrow sympathy and material interest is counterbalanced by steadfastness and intensity of purpose, and I doubt if the American citizen of the future could do better than to emulate the example set by the Pennsylvanian.

Who does not recall with a smile and a warm heart beat the almost melodramatic enthusiasm and generosity of the Texan? The child of the unconventional, he brushes away the cobwebs which garland our older civilization and sweeping across his broad ranches and wind swept plains, he cultivates an indifference to detail and the minutiae of life which makes him a unique personality in the sisterhood of States.

The Jerseyite is satisfied with his home and his fertile fields, provincial in the extreme he does not philosophize or dream, he is an easy going every day man, will give no offense in any community, lives well and troubles not his brain about the trials of the Americans or the tribulations of the Phillipinos. Sometimes we hear it said "New Jersey" is out of the United States. I wonder how that saying came about?

The Californian comes from some other State, you know, but somehow or other the air of California develops a germ of exaggeration which creeps into everybody's speech out there. The big trees and the big fruit seems to make the people see things in a magnified degree, and woe betide the man or woman who tells his *very best* story first to the Californian; it will be topped or the Californian is deaf or dead.

"Georgia, My Georgia," (you know there is a song by that name) is the Connecticut of the South, and the Georgian has a "get-aheadness" which serves him to great advantage in many a crowd.

Now, I hope, you are all interested enough to wonder what I am going to say about my own, my native land.

South Carolinians have a goodly heritage. They have had the benefits of the oldest civilization on this Continent. They have been leaders and have advanced theories which have stood

the test of time. South Carolinians have moved away from their home and have made names for themselves in many walks of life. It may be truly said of them, they can be recognized in a crowd. Like their New England brother from Massachusetts, they are high strung and sensitive, proud and prejudiced, and like him they are conservative. While the Virginian thinks as the South Carolinian does on many subjects, he acts at once; while the South Carolinian with his more philosophical mind stands off and criticizes. He weighs the merits of the case for and against himself. In the non-essentials he is more worldly minded and cautious than his big Virginia brother; he has as much of an eye to the main chance as the Virginian has, but he will not go about it so openly to appropriate things to himself; however, when the discussion comes down to the yea and nay vote, he is true to his sense of dignity, honor and integrity.

He shines more in adversity than prosperity. All his noblest characteristics have their best play in the day of trial.

In prosperity he is apt to be arrogant and domineering; not boastful but bigoted. He is hard to drive but easy to lead, provided none of his pet antagonisms are aroused. Ambitious to an extreme, he often excels the expectations of even his friends by the strenuous effort which he is capable of exerting to achieve some task which falls to his lot or has been assumed on his own responsibility. Possibly he may be characterized as possessing some of those qualities we have grown to consider pre-eminently French, viz.: suavity, good manners, social polish not necessarily accompanied by the deepest erudition, vanity and with it a tremendous pluck which often sustains almost unpardonable vainglory. He attracts where he may not always satisfy, and holds his place in the individualities of States with a firm grasp and a promise of longevity.

Do not understand me to say that I have any authority for these characterizations I have made. They are the fancies of my own brain. If I should go over them and give my reasons for this or that statement, possibly I would bring up theories in regard to original settlement, relations with the mother country, climatic conditions, material prosperity, early system of government, religious institutions, and a number of minor influences which I think have helped to develop these peculiarities which have caught my fancy. Educated provincialism is charming. The world would be a great looser without it.

May be you will think that I have not been as complimentary as I might have been in speaking of some States and leaving out others, but my answer to this accusation is this: "A great man (or State) becomes public property by reason of its greatness. It is a landmark in the history of the race. It is a human document out of which can be spelled some of the secrets of humanity." * * *

From the unusual we guess at the usual. * * *

The eminent must pay this tax for their eminence, namely, that they be dissected * * * for the benefit of humanity.

M. B. P.

From Far-off Burma.

(S. S. LOADIANA from Rangoor to Calcutta.)

15 December, 1901.

DEAR M.—:

I couldn't get Xmas letters off * * * We shall be hungry for our family and friends as we spend it amid the gaieties of Calcutta races, Drawing room and so on; after all no one takes the place of the dear old friends as you have often written us

* * * * *

Here we are according to the schedule in spite of an accident two weeks ago. We had one trip up a mountain in the jungle on elephants, but returned by a narrow path on foot and ponies. In one steep place Father went down over his pony's head and broke his left collar bone. He had to go on for two hours constantly dismounting to get under boughs low across the path.

Then we had 13 miles to drive in two wheeled carts. He drove himself to steady himself and take his attention. By the

time he got to bed and had the bone set it was six hours after the fall. Luckily there were two surgeons among the missionaries with whom we were staying.

He got on finely from the first, thanks to his healthy condition. In ten days he was able to travel comfortably, but missed most of the sights in Burma.

He was so vexed that he was cutting us out of our trip that he insisted on our going off to Mandalay with a missionary for two days in that interesting one-horse town that is nevertheless the center of native life. It is to Burma what Canton is to China, quite different from the foreign Commercial Port Rangoor. Mandalay is only forty-five years old, since each Burman King, like the Japanese and Chinese used to change the capital.

The sights of Mandalay are the Palace, a huge idol, a hill with a fine view over the Irrawaddy, the walls around the old town, a fine gilded pagoda, a tub on the swift river and the 450 Tables of the Law.

These last are the most interesting sights of all. They preserve in Stone the Buddhist law of 300 B. C. as received by Burmans in Pali (now a dead language).

What I enjoyed especially was meeting the ex-prime minister eighty years old. I asked to see his house and we were taken in to see him. He was pro-British and is the only Burman allowed to live still inside the old walled city which has become the military Cantonment and foreign residence part. He was in the simple native costume, loose white coat, tight silk skirt, bare feet and sandals. The house was a shaky tumble down affair, but the largest native one I had seen.

The old fellow spoke no English, but through our missionary, I told him I had just been reading about his visit to England in 1872, the letter he bore from the Lord of the White Elephant to Queen Victoria and the one to the Prince of Wales. Of course he was pleased that I knew about him and also when I spoke of the ruby chain with which he had been commissioned to decorate the then Prince Edward.

Lady Curzon was receiving in Mandalay that day but the poor broken old fellow didn't think he would go.

The tomb of his old Master, King Mengdon, who preceded Theban is quite fine, though simple. It and his Queen's are near the palace. The latter is gaudy with mirrors, glass and gilded carving. It has huge pillars of solid teak wood, all is now quite shabby but the Viceroy has ordered restoration and the turning out of the Church, Club and offices that now "defile" the buildings. Truly I think it a shame to insult a conquered foe by ruthless playing with his sacred traditions. Artistically, too the Architectural monuments should be preserved in statu quo. Fancy looking down into the pews from the throne as we did, or as in the Madura Palace in Southern India seeing Court room paraphernalia with a punka swinging overhead on the dias of the throne room.

The elaborately carved Buddhist monasteries and the yellow robed shaven headed Buddhist priests of Burma are another characteristic sight quite as universal as the endless gilt and whitewashed pagodas. Burma's seven millions are the staunchest Buddhists out of Thibet. F. went back to Father from Mandalay while I and the missionary went up to see the great American Bridge and fine Cave under it 820 feet below.

On my return I sent F. down to Rangoor so that she might be in time to "receive" the Viceroy and party the day following.

She went to the ball, the lake fête and the processions. Father and I came down in a few days in time for me to go to the Garden Party (as funereal as it was respectable) at the Government House. The next day we saw the elephants hauling and pushing with trunks, tusks and feet the heaviest of teak logs in a lumber yard. Rice and teak are great exports of Burma. To us the wares of fancy were the carved teak furniture, the heavy bas relief silver work, and the gorgeous silk of which even the poor make their skirts. I enclose a sample. The colors make Burma the gayest country we have seen yet.

Address us care Brown Shipley.

Yours, etc. D.

SOUTH CAROLINA AUDUBON SOCIETY.

This Department is official, and will be continued monthly.
Official news printed here.

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A True Story, Though Very Unnatural.

ON a cold, early, Spring morning, a hen stepped sedately into a warm kitchen to make her nest, and found in the wood box behind the stove, a place to suit her.

The cook, a kind old African "mauma" was an interested spectator. In time, twelve eggs were laid, then Biddy sat down to her three weeks task of hatching, and was duly rewarded with twelve, wee ones. But alas! for the poor little mother bird! the maternal joy, was for her, of short duration. From some unknown cause she suddenly died. The little chicks became the cook's pets. One day a mother puss, hearing such a crying near her peered over into the box; the cook, watching to see if she was intent upon mischief, exclaimed to her mistress (who was my aunt and related this story to me) "If puss hurts my children I'll fling her out doors" "No, no," replied my Aunt, "the mother is too strong in her for such an act." Puss nestled the crying chickens all about her. They burrowed in her warm fur, gathered all in among her spread paws and so went to sleep. She did this every day, and at night, took the best of care of them. All through those long cold Spring days in the far away State of Ohio, her vigilance never relaxed. She finally brought up the whole brood.

As the warm days came, puss and her adopted family walked about in a very dignified manner. The brood flying, fluttering, hopping over, and around about her, to the great amusement of all the friends coming in to witness this unusual, though beautiful illustration of maternal love.

Union, S. C.

C. POULTON.

What is the Matter with the Texas Editors?

FROM Federation headquarters 164 year books went to the desks of the Texas editors. From the exchange of this department, one paper only, noted the reception as an editorial. One or two contained notices on their Woman's page. Can the press of the State afford to ignore this great movement which tends toward the mental, the moral and the physical uplifting of the nation? We think not. And yet we are charitable enough to lay the fault to woman's door. She has not done sufficient missionary work with her husband, who is the editor of a newspaper. He knows all the minutiae of the Schley investigation, but his attention has not been aroused to the more lasting glory of the nation which his own wife is doing for her home and her town.

Waco Times.

FOR FINE TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, BAKING POWDER,
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N. B.—Lovers of the Antique should embrace this Opportunity and Secure these Rare Old Bits, as Colonial Antiques are almost extinct.

Dying Words of the World's Great Men.

THE NEW YORK WORLD has made the following compilation of the last words of great men:

Beethoven, Ludwig (1770-1827), German composer: "I shall hear now! (He was deaf.)

Burns, Robert (1759-1796), Scottish poet: "Don't let the awkward squad fire over my grave."

Byron, Lord (1788-1824), English poet: "I must sleep now."

Bronte, Charlotte (1816-1855), English novelist: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy!" (To her husband.)

Brooks, Phillips (1835-1893), American clergyman: "Katie, you may go; I shall not need you any more, I am going home."

Buckland, Francis (1826-1880), English naturalist: "I am going for a long journey, and I shall see many strange animals by the way."

Chesterfield, Lord (1694-1773), English courtier: "Give the doctor a chair."

Columbus, Christopher (1440-1506), Italian navigator: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Cromwell, Oliver (1599-1658), English statesman: "My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone."

De Stael, Mme. (1766-1817), French authoress: "I have loved my God, my father and liberty."

Elliot, George (1820-1880), English novelist: "Tell them (the doctors) I have a great pain in the left side."

Franklin, Benjamin (1706-1790), American philosopher: "A dying man can do nothing easy."

Frederick the Great of Prussia (1712-1786): "We are over the hill. We shall go better now."

Gladstone, William Ewart (1809-1898), English statesman: "Amen."

Goethe, (1749-1832), German poet: "Open the shutters and let in more light."

Josephine (1763-1814), Empress of France: "Isle of Elba! Napoleon!"

Julian (331-363), Roman Emperor: "Oh, Galilean, thou hast conquered."

Keats, John (1795-1821), English poet: "I feel the daisies growing over me."

Lawrence, James (1781-1813), American naval officer: "Don't give up the ship."

Louis XIV of France (1638-1715): "I thought dying had been harder."

Louis XVIII of France (1755-1824): "A king should die standing."

Louise of Prussia (1776-1810): "I am a queen, but have not power to move my arms."

Marie Louise (1791-1874), empress of France: "I will not sleep, I wish to meet death wide awake."

Marie Antoinette (1755-1793), queen of France: "Farewell, my children, forever; I go to meet your father."

Marion, Francis (1732-1795), American general: "Thank God, I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any one."

Napoleon (1769-1821), emperor of France: "Head of the army."

Napoleon III of France (1803-1873): "Were you at Sedan?" (To Dr. Conneau.)

Nelson, Horatio (1758-1805), English admiral: "I thank God I have done my duty."

Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832), Scottish poet and novelist: "I feel as if I were to be myself again. God bless you all."

Washington, George (1732-1799), American statesman and general: "It is well. I am about to die, and I look upon it with perfect resignation."

Webster, Daniel (1782-1852), American statesman: "I still live."

Wilson, Daniel (1778-1858), English theologian: "Sleep! I am asleep already; I am talking in my sleep."

Wesley, John (1703-1791), English divine: "The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell."

McKinley Memorial Picture

SIZE 16 by 20. COPYRIGHTED.

At the top of the picture is a representation of a pure white dove with extended wings. Beneath it are the words engraved in most beautiful type upon a background of pure white "Not Lost But Gone Before." In the centre is a picture of the late President, William McKinley, taken from one of his most recent photographs, also miniatype pictures of **Temple of Music**, where he was shot; and **Milburn Residence**, where he died. On either side and in the distance are represented the courts of the Heavenly Jerusalem. The innumerable columns of white marble seem to extend into Infinite Space, giving a faint idea of the immensity of that beautiful golden city. The angels and archangels can be seen flying hither and thither and sounding their trumpets. Little innocent children are there, and all in white, pure and holy. Beneath is a collection of charming flowers, white roses, lilies, etc. Underneath is a printed tablet giving name, date of birth, assassination, death, also **last spoken words**, and other particulars of our lamented President. On one side is a cross, which the departed christian has laid down, and on the other side is the crown which the departed christian will wear in triumph in that beautiful city where there will be no more crosses nor suffering, and no more tears or parting. Underneath all is a marble slab with several quotations from Holy Scripture. Elsewhere are scattered about this picture many other beautiful features, forgetmenots, drapery, etc. This beautiful picture should find a place in every home.

No expense has been spared on its production. They were made originally to sell at 50 cents each, but as a **Special Inducement** to our agents to handle large quantities we will supply them at 25 cents each; 3 for 50 cents, 9 for \$1.00, 50 for \$5.00, 100 for \$9.50, postpaid. Send to-day for sample, you can sell 100 the first day you work; one agent reports 102 sales in one day; a lady sold 75 in 5 hours.

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Upon a background of Pure Solid Gold rests the Family Record in the shape of a handsome volume with Gold Clasps upon a cushion of crimson velvet, with a beautiful Gold Tassel. On the page under the different headings are spaces in which to write the name and date of birth. On either side is a beautiful scroll (surmounted by lovely flowers) on which to record marriages and deaths. At top of the picture are the words, "Family Record," in the richest lettering known to the Printer's art. Under this are two spaces for father's and mother's pictures. Enclosed in these spaces are lovely bluebells and morning glories. In the lower part of the picture, in a beautiful home scene, the dear old grandparents, the handsome stalwart husband and happy young wife, the loving daughter, and baby boy—the idolized grandchild—are all gathered around the table while grandfather reads a portion of God's Holy Word. A truly beautiful scene. Underneath are the words, "God bless our family." Around this picture are eight spaces for photographs of other members of the family, each enclosing a gem flower piece. Everywhere on the picture are scattered creeping vines, buds and blossoms in rich confusion, the whole resting on and thrown into bold relief by the gorgeous background of solid gold, which produce a picture of dazzling beauty.

AGENTS Mark Hagle, Ubly, Mich., has sold over 5,000 pictures; Wm. D. Woosher, West Salem, Ill., has sold over 1,000 frames; H. C. Jackson, Filmore City, Utah, bought 375 Records for \$41.25, sold them at half price, 25c. each, making \$25.50 clear profit. If you take orders for twelve framed pictures your profit will be over \$25.50 a day. And some do better.

Read a Few Words of Praise:

Home Novelty Mfg. Co.—Enclosed you will find another order. The Family Record and Angels' Whisper received. I think they are very nice. The Record is the finest I have ever seen.—Mrs. Park Williams, Charlton, Iowa.

Comstock, Neb., Dec. 25, 1900—Received Family Record and I think it the finest I ever saw. Enclosed etc.—Mrs. F. E. Smith.

Bridgewater, Io., Dec. 25, 1900—My aunt having received some pictures from you, and thinking them perfect beauties, I enclose \$1.80 for etc.—

Nick Rucip Tecumseh, Mich., Dec. 15, 1900—I have just received Family Record and like it very much.—Mrs. Priscilla D. Little, Box 22.

Wankagan, Ill., Jan. 30, 1900—Gents: I have the order I sent for to my entire satisfaction. Enclosed find \$7 for etc.

We will mail you a sample for 15c., 9 for \$1.00, 25 for \$1.75, 50 for \$5.00, 100 for \$9.50. Sample frames made of beautiful gilt moulding, nearly four inches wide, \$1.45. One dozen frames, \$11.50, glass and backs included.

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DEPT. A. 611.

Book Reviews.

"WHEN THE LAND WAS YOUNG," by Lafayette McLaws, is undoubtedly one of the most popular books of the year; 7,000 copies were sold two days after it was published. It is of special interest to South Carolinians, as most of the incidents happen in and around Charleston, and the names of many characters are those of well known families. The book is full of daring incident, pathos and sentiment. The plot is rapid and we find ourselves carried on from chapter to chapter, wondering the outcome of well planned situations. The characters are well drawn, although at times we marvel at the endurance of "Antoinette" when among the pirates. The role that "Antoinette" plays on board the pirate ship is not altogether original, but there are so many situations that we are well entertained. The early settler's life is well described, and the hardships inflicted by the Spaniards seem even worse than the cruelties of the Indians. We are taken back to the "early days," and really feel the spirit of those times. The author's style is very graceful and he has chosen a most interesting period for his theme. He understands the colonies, and is perfectly at home with the Choctaws. The binding is very attractive, making this volume a companion piece to "A Carolina Cavalier," while the type and chapter headings would reflect credit upon any publisher. (Cloth, \$1.50.) Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston Mass.

A. FLANAGAN & CO., of Chicago, deserve great credit for supplying A. a much felt want in the field of Literature—books for children, that children can read themselves. In "Household Stories," by Annie Klingen-smith, we have a very valuable collection of Mother Goose stories, fairy stories and some legends from Grecian mythology, told in the simplest manner, in large type and attractively illustrated. The "Story of Wretched Flea, a Chinese Boy," by Mary Muller, from the same publishers, gives an idea of life in China, and in a way that appeals to small children. Such books as these educate a child unconsciously. He learns mythology and the customs and habits of foreign countries with little effort and in language that he can master by himself. These books should be on every library table where there are children. (Cloth,.) A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, Illinois.

THE "Keystone" has just received a copy of the "Timrod Souvenir" from The Palmetto Press of Aiken, S. C. This most attractive booklet will appeal to all lovers of Timrod, and the exquisite work will make all Southerners proud of the Aiken Press. The booklet contains a photogravure of the poet Timrod, the poem read by Henry Austin at the dedication of the Timrod Memorial at Charleston, the poem written by Carl McKinley in 1877, entitled "At Timrod's Grave," and an incident which took place in 1865 between Timrod and Wm. A. Courtenay, when the latter promised the poet that if possible his poems should be published in book form. These are called respectively—At his Memorial, At his Unmarked Grave, and The Promise. The booklet is handsomely printed in black and red from new type, on heavy Whatman handmade paper and is covered with a heavy gray paper, with black lettering, and the whole reflects great credit upon the taste and ability of Mr. W. L. Washburn, the publisher. This edition is limited to 450 copies, and copies may be had direct from the publishers for only 50 cents.

"A BNAKEE RUGS," by Helen R. Albee, is a manual describing the Abnakee industry. The author gives full instructions in regard to the process, the materials and utensils used, and the proper use for designs and dyes. Such an industry, which is about the same as "hooked rugs," certainly appeals to all women, and it seems that this rug making could easily be introduced into South Carolina, especially in our rural districts. The author gives her personal experiences in the matter, and is ready to help anyone interested. She makes a strong plea for artistic designs and colors, good material, and well trained labor. All Club-Women should read this booklet and learn what can be done with simple materials and crude labor.

THAT well known Philadelphia publishing house, Henry T. Coates & Co., is spending a good deal of time just now in publications for young people—not children's books, but books for young boys and young girls. "Lester's Luck," by Horatio Alger, Jr., is just the book for a small boy. It is filled with every-day incidents in an average boy's life. It appeals to the normal boy, and while interesting him develops some ambition, and acquaints the boy with some of the ways of the world. "Dear Days," by Armour Strong, from the same publishers, will attract school girls. It is the story of school girl life in Washington, told in an interesting natural way. It has enough of incident to make it thoroughly entertaining, and at the same time brings in facts about Washington and its vicinity that make it instructive. It will prove a good book for girls who have passed the stage of "fairy tales" and yet have not quite reached the "standard novel" age. Such books as these will so interest and amuse our boys and girls that they will not care for the trashy novel, giving as an excuse that the good, standard novels are too full of descriptions and it takes one too long to get into the story. In such books as "Lester's Luck," "Red Eagle," "Dear Days," and "King's Rubies," we are in the story from the beginning. (Cloth, \$1.00) Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

IT is now announced that the title of the novel upon which Joel Chandler Harris has been at work for several years will be "Gabriel Tolliver," and its publication is begun in the new Philadelphia monthly, *The Era*, the January number containing the opening chapters.

Mr. Harris begins his tale among the scenes of his own childhood before the civil war, and this part of the book is marked by passages of poetic sentiment and his best vein of genuine humor. The story passes swiftly over the time of war itself and develops in the reconstruction period, which brought so much trouble and turmoil upon the South. His narration is naturally from the viewpoint of his own side in the race antagonism which marked that stormy period, and the end of which no one can yet foresee; but Mr. Harris's intention of fairness in the discussion is manifest throughout. This story must take rank, although in the guise of fiction, as an important contribution to the history of the time. The historian, if he so chooses, may find himself under a great debt of enlightenment to the novelist who writes of his own times.

THERE is a motion on foot among the Alumni of the University of Virginia resident in St. Louis to reproduce in marble or some permanent material the Rotunda of the University of Virginia at the St. Louis Exposition in 1903.

As the University was the idea and plan of Thomas Jefferson in whose administration the Louisiana purchase was made the association of ideas is an excellent one and the Rotunda will be left as a perpetual memorial to Jefferson in Forest Park, St. Louis, and will be used as a sort of Museum or Hall of Fame. To carry out this idea it is proposed that each State of the Louisiana Purchase be invited to send to be installed there a bronze or marble bust of two of its most distinguished citizens.

In connection with this idea it is also suggested that the Virginia legislature make an appropriation for a State building at the St. Louis Fair, this building to take the shape of a reproduction of Monticello the home of Jefferson.

If this plan fails assurances are given in other directions that the famous home of Jefferson will be shown at St. Louis in 1903.

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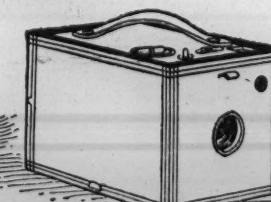
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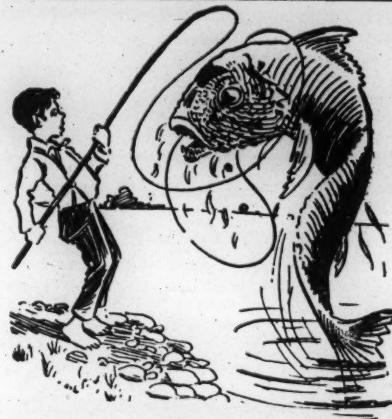
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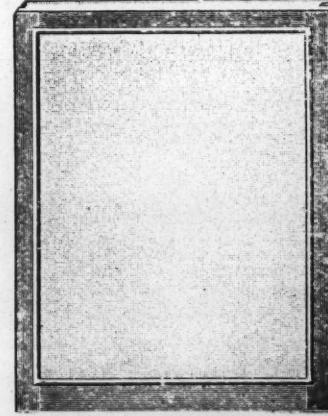
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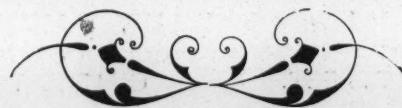
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